THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1270.

Original Poetry.

WHEREFORE SHOULD I INJURE YOU?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fair Summer while I wandered o'er,
When beauty slept on flood and shore;
And nature seem'd to smile, fair Summer, love,
Around me came in heavenly flow
Insect, beast, and reptile, placed,
Through the warm light, in the shade,
Crept, or gamboled, unbounded
Moment! the emerald hills are arched
All with flowers and with trees,
Thus the conqueror I addressed:
"Love, and now your woodlands through,
Wherefore should I injure you?"

Along their strand of rocks and mose,
I saw the pure, bright billows toss;
And every wave that shivered said naught,
Shrined in foam the smith flame
Through the cool abyss of waves,
Rolling over spangled caves:
Deep in pearl-enamelled valve,
Dwelled there with wild waters free,
Questioned I,—well pleased to look—
"Shall I rule ye 'raise hook'
Shall I your delight undo?
Wherefore should I injure you?"

Aloft the forest branches waved,
Their leaves on silent skies engraved;
And in their lofty haunts on high,
In concert with the south winds sigh
Minstrels, unmolested, were
In song, their eloquence of love;
And made the solitudes appear,
Like heaven's own enchanted sphere.
While I lingered, wrapt in thought,
Pierced love my spirit caught,
"Sweep"—I said—"your beauteous lute,
Wherefore should I injure you?"

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I cried a priestly mountain's crown,
And, half bewildered, gazing down,
I mentioned loud each mountain gem,
The cities of new fellow men.
Myriads met I crowded, and
Farther still I knew to be
Dwelling of the strong, and weak,
Poor and guilty, proud and mean
And I said,—"may bondage fall,
Resistance, on one and all,
Gentle nature—brethren true,
Wherefore should I injure you?"

EDWARD

Original Tales.

THE LYNCHING;
Or, Fanny Mapland's Last Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I. A fine, exhilarating and joyous afternoon in the early spring months of 1840, found my ventable self gaily galloping over the great road leading from the City of Brotherly Love to the far interior of the Knickerbocker State. My destination was the extent little village of my nativity, which lay out of dropped from the sky, and is beautifully knoll by the side of the noble Conjuncock, about a day's journey, according to the old method of reckoning from the former place.

I was returning to my home after having obtained a diploma, by virtue of which I had been for the last three years consuming the days in hard study, and the nights in dreams of honors, emoluments and success. I have said now that I had returned to the midst of my exalted expectations, and was in actual possession of a stamp elect; but the apparent reverse of attainment is to be understood that it was necessary for me only to hang out an expressed willing sign, and I should have a portal thrown open to me, overrun with calls and to open my now semi-furnished purse to have it forthwith replenished with the current coin of the realm. Such was not the fact, and my first course, why had I not a diploma? and as I contemplated this fact I became satisfied that in my own estimation, at least, I was not the thing.

Perhaps my kind reader deserves better acquaintance with the lad who has for the last time so unceremoniously introduced, and for whom I have consented so strong a predilection. Well, then, imagine a very plain, rather above the average, small recruited in acts of kindness and mercy toward the poor; whose purity of mind and heart had never been stained by the slightest stage save more frequently directed to the shades of misery and vice than to the scenes of enjoyment and virtue. Imagine a youth who had attained to the age of twenty-one years consuming the days in hard study, and the nights in dreams of honors, emoluments and success. Have I

and trousers. Occasional disturbances at his studies he had expected, but he never thought he should be called from his books to rock a cradle. An experiment which he adopted to lighten the especial burden should be recorded. It consisted in the adaptation of a smoke jack to pendulate the required motion; but this arrangement was cautiously interfered with by the cook. [illegible]

His education then commenced, his system thus upset, his scheme of domestic happiness thus settled, what was the philosopher to do? He had no alternative but to cut down his own expenses to the lowest possible mark. He renounced wine, he foreswore grog, he relinquished the solace of his pipe, he drank his tea without milk or sugar—he lived on the smallest amount of food that would sustain nature.

Our latest account of Adam Crotch represents him as meditating some scheme for the enlargement of his means. He intends to devote those faculties, heretofore employed on speculation, to business. Would that he could discover that from whence all blessings flow may best the philosopher's object! In the mean time, let philosophers in general, and those of the Crotch school in particular, bend to the smallest amount of food that would sustain nature.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

TERMS.

1 COPY.	$7.00 PER ANNUM.
5 COPIES.	35.00 " "
9 "	60.00 " "
17 "	120.00 " "

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For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Deans' Magazine" will be sent one year each.

TO CLUBS.

Two copies of the Post, and one of the Ladies' National Magazine, will be sent for Five Dollars.

Four copies of the Post, and four copies of the Ladies' National Magazine, will be sent for Eight Dollars.

One or more copies of the Ladies' National Magazine, may be subscribed for one or more copies of the Post, to any club, and at the same rates.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Two weeks ago we alluded to the railway mania in England, and then hinted a prediction that, sooner or later, the public would be astonished that he could be ruined. We little knew, however, that at the very time we penned that paragraph the revulsion had come, and that the miserable victims, but unaware of their folly, were lamenting their inevitable beggary. Since the excitement fourth has broken which dragged down to ruin a third of all England no stock-gulling scheme has been an extensive, or has involved so many, as the railway mania. A [illegible] of another 50 or 75, parties (Free, Priest) of the manager. Everybody dabbled in railway shares. The bishop in his Episcopal chair, women of rank and fashion, the judge in his ermine, old age and beardless youth caught the infection, sold out their lands and entered readily into the fiery whirl of speculation. Some few individuals who took the tide at its first rise made immense fortunes. Among them is Mr. Hudson, the Railway King, as he is familiarly called. This gentleman, a few months since, was a linen-draper, but engaging early in the railway speculations, and having great shrewdness he succeeded in amassing the fortune of a palace and wallowing home, from all but secure investments before the bubble burst. At one time his influence was great, that his name as President of a company was sufficient to sell any quantity of shares, no matter how wild the proposed scheme might be or what the price demanded for shares. And, even yet, the potency of his name is such that the promoter has called him to his aid to avert at mitigate the general bankruptcy.

We have scarcely time on idea of the madness of the speculators generally. The popular phrases ever exceeded that witnessed here as the great land speculations of 1835. We can only account for them by the ingenuities of most of the new companies.

A London paper says that now that people have time to reflect and to analyze they find that out of a thirty-three sets of provisional committees, the name of one party appears 23 times, the names of two others, 17 times, of three, 12 times, of four, ten times, of three times 8 times, of twenty-nine "Names and of 7 others, 6 times! Most of these "extensive operators" have escaped with little or no loss. It is those who purchased the stock in time—those who, in the language of the street, the bears—the lowers. Thousands of families have lost their all. Nor is there any remedy afforded by law to be reasonable victim. A vast numbers of innocent women, possessed of small fortunes, were induced to embark them in the purchase of railway shares and have been reduced to indigence. Many of these were the victims of a set of female speculators who during the height of the mania contrived to realize the immense sum of two millions of dollars.

The intelligence will regret to the crops, a error worse than at the last article. There is no doubt that a partial famine impends over England and Ireland, and that the failure of the potato crop, great the starving population has no place in store to for a supply. Fortunately, another source of supply is almost equally great in its amount, which is that it might otherwise turn for aid. A tax to the poor of Ireland would be a premium to idleness. It started. This will be lowering news for our farmers. During several years the price they have received for their grain has been comparatively small, and has often been a difficult matter for the agriculturalist in some sections of the country to make both ends meet. The conditions of the paper of a portion of the wealth which in the commercial has been accumulated for others will now turn to their profit. The failure of the potato crop in Ireland is a gratifying circumstance for us to announce. The farmers in after all, the best and truest men of country. He is the true freeman, and his views are usually the clearest and his virtue the most secure and the class of our citizens. We have always felt free from care or intense happiness and longevity or much. His lot is indeed enviable in these respects If his gains are considerable, he is not apt to waste and extending. If he works hard, he is sure to even retreat. If the crops are bad one year they are usually abundant the next. He is not subject to with economy lay by a small sum usually so that when old age comes he has no need for care, poor house. Of the loss by the failure of the potato crop, [illegible] consequences, no one will deny there is always room for a little more in the world, and [illegible] one. From the farmer has his vantage. Fire, flood or sickness among his cattle may almost beggar him. Accidents of this kind are of frequent occurrence when prices are so low as scarcely to repay labor for his seed. But always after such a depression comes a season of plenty. Almost every year is exceptional circumstances like the present.

As our agricultural friends will feel particularly interested in knowing the prices of grain at the latest points we have compiled under the head of Markets, as full and true information on this subject as we could command.

A word on the contents of our paper. The opening story, "The Lynch-Law," is a thrilling one, and records the merited punishment of one who, in a moment of thoughtlessness engaged in a lawless act, but who, ashamed of his conduct, sought to atone for the error by acts of heroism. The reader will find no more able story. The long winter evenings are at hand when reading is a source of real enjoyment and profit. We intend to make the Post indispensable at every fire side.

T. B. PETERSON'S DEPOT.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. T. B. Peterson, in another column. His depot is one of the most extensive in the country! All the Magazines and other Publications are to be found, and popular Music may be had there at the earliest moment. He is prompt and obliging in attending to customers, and any country friends who may have orders to send for anything in his line, will be advantaged by enclosing their money to him. His advertisement would invite purchasers even when one had no mind for it.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

The committee appointed in the church of which Mr. Gough is a member, have made a report in which they state they believe his published statement is a frank and artless declaration of the truth. They do not think there is anything in the effort to affect his standing as a member of the church.

MEMPHIS CONVENTION.

This body met at Memphis, Tennessee, according to notice, when the Honorable James M. Calhoun of South Carolina was elected President. Fifteen States and Territories were represented by 364 delegates, as follows:—

Kentucky,	36	Iowa, 4
Arkansas,	14	Tennessee, 40
Missouri,	34	Mississippi, 12
Louisiana,	20	Alabama, 25
Texas,	9	Virginia, 1
North Carolina,	7	Pennsylvania, 1
South Carolina,	9	Tennessee, 1
Georgia,	31	Louisiana, 1
Florida,	11	
Indiana,	24	Total, 364

In taking the chair Mr. Calhoun made a short address from which some idea may be gained of the object of the Convention. He commenced by the vast resources of the South and West, and stated that the development of these resources constituted the legitimate purpose of the Convention. He advocated the railroad system as the best method of developing these resources. He thought, however, that Congress had no power to aid them, except incidentally, by granting strips of land on which to construct railroads. He thought Congress ought to relinquish the public lands to the States in whose boundaries they lay, the States paying 66⅔ per centum on the amount of sales.

He also recommended, in this connection, the policy of levying and reclaiming the low lands of the Mississippi Valley the system to be constructed, or extended, to be preserved in, as experience should demonstrate its utility. The fund that would be derived from the sale of public lands by the States, if (or when) the jurisdiction over them should be relinquished by the Federal Government, should be an ample one for the purpose.

He also approved of a connection of the Valley of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, by way of the Lakes. This was clearly within the power of the Federal Government, as a chain in its system of defences, and should be perfected.

He then proceeded to a discussion of clearing the Mississippi and its tributaries of all obstructions to its navigation. He contended that great river, as an Inland Sea, and said that it came as fully under the supervision of the National Legislature as the Atlantic Ocean. The Mississippi and its tributary streams formed a great artery, and that any stoppage of it was sure to produce commercial convulsions. He proceeded down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, especially on the Florida coast, in the vicinity of the Florida Keys. The defence of the Territories was by all means to be decided, and it should be placed in a state which precluded the possibility of its being a vexed frontier. He concluded by expressing a wish that that entire unanimity might prevail, and that should any question arise in its deliberations involving a difference of constitutional import, it should be passed over.

The only important act of the Convention during the first day was the presentation of a resolution that the States and Territories represented should have an equality in voting.

Up to the third day, when our dates from Memphis close, the Convention had progressed no further than the appointment of committees.

ANOTHER ABDUCTION.

We learn of another abduction of a female, attended by a murder, from the Indiana Times. From it appears that some twelve months since, Mrs. Sarah Dinning gave such information that her husband, Thomas Greenville Dinning Anthony Dinning, and Washington Morgan, who had been suspected for being engaged in repeated acts of larceny, was sufficient to authorize the issuing of warrants upon the charge of stealing a barrel of whiskey. They were arrested, indicted, and Washington Morgan was arrested. Sarah Dinning was the only witness against him and great fears were entertained for her safety. Several attempts were made by Morgan to get her off. Morgan was tried which resulted in a mistrial. Sarah Dinning went to Madison Dinning's for safety. Here she was and was staying at his house. He entertained fears for her safety, and endeavored to get persons to come to his house and remain at nights. On the morning of the 11th inst. he was Norman, and solicited him to come that night, and stay, expressing his fears for the safety of Sarah Dinning. About the time Madison Dinning and his wife and Sarah Dinning who were in the house were aroused by some one knocking at the door and calling for the message that Sarah Dinning and referred to open the door. Several guns were fired, and Madison Dinning was wounded in the head, and fell to the floor. His wife closed the window and went off to the nearest neighbor. The door was broken open and James Dinning entered. He found his gun in hand, and discovered that his brother Dinning, and, after searching for her found her where she had had under a bed. he pulled her out, took her up in his arms, and here left off struggling and screaming with all her might. In the mean time, Madison Dinning returned to the house of his neighbors, and discovered the dead body of Morgan almost twenty feet from the house, shot in three places. Mr Dinning and wife did not see that Norman was there. It is supposed that while he was at the stable parting up his horse Sarah Dinning and his own went to the house and commenced murdering and that Norman, hearing and seeing them, rushed upon them. He had in his hand when found a revolving pistol and the clothes of the barrels empty. No trace, as yet, has been found of the course the murderers took. From the signs there have been a struggle at the stable, and the [illegible] of the course the murderers took. From the signs there have been a struggle at the stable, and the [illegible] of the thought there were two or three of them. Great excitement prevails in the neighborhood as Norman was popular, and those of Sarah Dinning that Morgan should be convicted, which could alone be done upon the testimony of Sarah Dinning. Mr. Dinning is a man of great influence, and these four hundred dollars for their apprehension has been made up, and likewise no opportunity to be lost in order to offer a reward.

NEW STEREOTYPING.

A Stereotyper of Glasgow has invented a new process of stereotyping, which will, it is thought, supersede the old system. The new process is by impression from types, stereos is dispensed with, and instead of it, a piece of damped prepared card paper is placed over the face of the page of the value type, and an impression lent out of the type into the card by repeated strokes of a hand brush. The card is then dried, and is said to be equal in all matter, is dried and inserted in an iron frame with a movable top or surface, constituting a mould. The metal is then poured in, and is said to be equal to the stereo cast in point of sharpness and [illegible] temperature. The lid is then brought down the metal melted by a flame from the horizontal to the perpendicular position, and the metal poured into the matrix by a small orifice which has been left, and is said to be made the stereotype plate is pronounced complete.

The whole operation, from beginning to end, is completed in the space of an hour, while the expense of time by the old methods is from ten to twelve hours, and the casts are liable to warp, slit or break. Any number of casts, it is stated, may be taken from the same card.

A GOOD SCHEME.

The merchants of New York city have formed a vigilant association to protect themselves and themselves against a system of swindling that is carried on to an immense extent, of obtaining goods under false pretences. Almost every week the papers teem, raised by the promptitude with which they have been detected, or exposed individuals. A writer in the Courier speaking of an extensive swindler, who cheated many merchants there says "the history of this man's life would be interesting, and perhaps to the association mutter agreement a single member in a sufficient unless a voluntary one—and I may perhaps contribute it. That nearly every member of was applied to by ten swindling concerns, for credit, and was refused. In so many other cases which I have known, the applicants succeeded, of which were cheated to the amount of many thousands of dollars from the agents of this swindling concern

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Agents will please forward the money with their names or letters.
Other Papers will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless by special agreement, and only at the option of the Publisher if agreements are not made.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received at par.
Agents are specially authorized to make quick remittances. Agents will find it difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give their name and date paid for.
Remember, none always state the Post Office renewed are or will be to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Marietta street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Wisconsin Territory. *Jas. A. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, I. T. Dent* and *Ed. S. Thomas*
JOHN MIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kingston.
Mr. HENRY B. ASH is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.
Edward E. JAMES is Agent for the Brothers and Sisters of Mercy in Ireland. *Rev. Mother Mary Teresa Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, John B. Weld, J. H. Stone, Edward Quincy* and *Francis Calmes*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription money to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which money may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposits it, stating the name of the Post Office and person obligated. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who should preserve it until he is informed that where the money is payable.

The Post Master to whom the money is deposited, is also to report the same to the Post Office, with the name of the Post Office, of the sender, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited. The Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to demand payment, but he must send the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Malden, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
Received from *James Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have charged one per cent and charged him a like sum with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Malden, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
Received from *James Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have charged one per cent and charged him a like sum with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Malden, Va., September 15, 1845.*
To the Post Master at [illegible]
SIR—I have this day received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
Signed JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulations, can remit money to the Publishers by Banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE CONCERNING TREATIES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, GERMANY, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL. By Edward Quincy. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845. Though published anonymously, we have reason to think that we have in the production of W. C. Dana, Esq. To whomsoever the authorship belongs, the book will be read with interest. It is a timely publication, and already appeared in print, having been contributed to a popular newspaper. Here it will be read by a class of readers who will not see it in the ephemeral publication, and who will be glad to have it in a more permanent form. The books we are beginning to look at it with unqualified eyes, a more intelligent system of awarding it may hereafter be developed. The revulsion is but just in its commencement, but it already promises the prospect that Sir Robert Peel is holding cabinet councils, to deliberate upon means to alleviate the misery which it will be the duty of Lord John D'Connell or Mr. Hudson, the "Railway King," to spend a few days at his Manor for the purpose of discussing with him the best means of relief. Mr. Hudson is afflicted with the legitimate railway world, it is said, in perhaps, greater than that of any man living, and what is more to the purpose, he has the means, and the prestige of his name go down. The revulsion has been brought about momentarily through the instrumentality of a single article in the London Times, and a paragraph from an English paper, gives a good general idea of the matter.

The Times has been foremost in this work of flattering the Vallians. It matters little what Parliament may have prompted the speeches in the Printing-house Square to sound the tocsin, whether the Government or the Opposition, or whether they did not participate equally in the spell or a delusion which seemed to destroy the good sense of all—all this is beside the question. We try the act, and not the motive. Heaven can judge if the act be that it was not done sooner. But certain it is that the Times has taken the lead in awakening the public mind kicked the beam at the critical instant, and to some extent plucked the revulsion which is now so strongly felt. Without desiring to undervalue the services of the daily and long past, he sees the notwithstanding the assistance it has rendered, it would be weak to attribute the prostration of the share market solely to the failure of the Bank of England, the critical state in which the Bank of France is said to be, the bad harvest, and the state of the potato crop, above all, and before all, the calamitous state of affairs which the operations of the numberless monstrous companies have given rise to the prostration, and all these causes, irrespective of the diurnal monitor, have been at work for months, and have been the true source of the ruin and all character which this temporary depression has produced, will be felt long after the causes that produced it have passed away.

The failure of the potato crop becomes more and more confirmed in England, and the prospect becomes a general and distressing misery. So pressing is the necessity for a remedy and a supply at once, that a meeting has been called in London to be held, at which the proposition of opening the ports of the Kingdom for the admission of Breadstuffs, duty free, from foreign countries, will be urged that it will be carried into effect. A commission has been sent into Ireland, by Government, to examine into the failure of the crop.

The Irish trade continued brisk and masters and workmen were well employed. A slight decline had taken place in the price of pig iron, and it was quoted at the date of the steamer's sailing at £4 5s. in Glasgow. The rates were still high and remunerative, however.

Trade in the manufacturing districts was in a state of comparative stillness during April, the returns of produce had received a check, but it was hoped it would not be lasting.

There was a general stillness in a depressed state. there is but little doing, and if prices are not actually lower than at the departure of the last steamer, they may be said to be in favor of the buyer.

THE FAMINE.

As everything else relating to the "explosion" of the railway mania, and the disastrous famine impending over Europe, is of interest, we quote the following from one of our English periodicals:

"Famine—gaunt, horrible, destroying famine—seems impending. Fears have seized the public mind, and in Ireland matters look appalling—in England, gloomy. The granaries of the continent are filling rapidly. The cornfields of the Vistula, the Danube and the Elbe are barely sufficient for the local wants of their inhabitants. The nation is in consternation and the cry of 'Open the ports, and let in corn duty free,' is heard on all sides, reverberated from every part of the empire. The pressure from without is already felt in itself heard in Downing street and Mark in the sliding scale—Peel's sliding scale—is gone for ever. A third of the potato crop in Ireland is destroyed. The Government has sent scientific persons to the scene of the disaster, and the result of their truth is not that this large portion of the people's food is cast to the earth. What is to be done? Nothing, the statesmen for emergency? 'Open the ports' is the exclamation, and there stands the unanswering Fremont, like a reed in the wind, passive and between affection for his sliding scale and the necessity of public famine. Government is perplexed to consistency, supreme even to law. The ports must be opened. Of course the duty must be a blessing of the Irish people, goes beyond this. He demands a grant of public money to the tune of a million and a half to be expended in the purchase of food—under cards for a tax of fifty per cent on the residences, and a tax of ten per cent on the residents of Ireland—to ask for the prohibition of corn and provisions to be exported from the island—and the prevention of distillation from converting grain. Large quantities will they be conveyed? A day or two will solve the question.

Every thing proclaims the speedy extinction of the sliding scale—the hate of the agricultural organs, the language of the possessed supporters of the monopoly, the feeling in the public mind. It has long been seen and foretold that the sliding scale's authority would fix its doom. Peel is a good actor in watering it from the hands of Parliament. Placed between cross fires, exposed on his flank and in the rear, he contrived to effect his shrinks play to put up and to appeal to give a triumph to either party. This he has done—but let it doing, for he is suspected by those who appear to know him best, that his feelings are toward a more liberal, commercial, in consolidation than to monopolist, policy.

IRELAND.

The accounts as regards the potato crop, are of a very serious and alarming character. The people believe the great majority of the lower classes is terrible in the extreme. The authorities at Dublin Castle seem to have divested their attention to the matter. Commissioners have been sent to the different provinces, and to report to the Lord Lieutenant the result of their examination. Up to the latest date these reports were of the most discouraging character. Will a people so steeped in poverty as the Irish are, and disconcerted as the potato is, bear it, is frightful to contemplate the consequence of scarcity. The numerous railways likely to be in progress of formation next summer, and during the course of the present winter, will, no doubt, materially assist to alleviate much of the suffering that would otherwise result from the failure.

The agitation for repeal is still carried on. Since the sailing of the last American steamer a number of great meetings and repeal banquets have taken place at all of which the Liberator was present, and long and eloquent orations were made in behalf of the object of the agitators.

FRANCE.

The announcement of the installation of the brave old veteran Soult appears to be based on truth. It is now said that although he will resign the post of Minister of War, he will still continue to occupy the Presidency of the Council. The French telegraph has been busily engaged in transmitting to Paris the reports of the war in Algeria. The French forces have left Oran with 3,000 men in quest of Abd-el-Kader; whether they will take, or overtake him, is another question. He and his band of the French general well and handsomely—and, in doing so, he sets an example which it would have been to the credit of Christian arms, had they imitated towards his countrymen.

SPAIN.

A correspondent of the London Morning Post writing from Madrid, on the 7th ult., says: "The fate of the French's grand project, the marriage of his youngest son to the Infanta of Spain is in danger of being wrecked when full in view of the port of Barcelona, the British Government having, within the last few days, formally announced to those of the Spanish Court in this capital, that such a union it very properly will not abide by what passed in private between Queen Victoria and King Louis Philippe, during her Majesty's last visit to the Chateau of Eu. If the Duke de Montpensier marries the heir presumptive to the Spanish throne, it will be in direct opposition to the wish of the British Government, and will be followed by the withdrawal by the combined influence of a bad harvest all over England and Europe, a bad monetary system, and the withdrawal by railway speculation.

All stocks, and every staple is going down, except the price of broadstuffs, which the impending failure of the harvest must raise. The terrible monument is just in its commencement. The first blow has not been struck. The Bank of O'Connell is already ruing it for the purpose of opposition to the union.

The English Government seems to be in a state of alarm, and Sir Robert Peel is calling cabinet after cabinet, to deliberate on the opening of the Parliament, and the best means of meeting the famine. Cotton is down—corn is up—and the excitement caused by the revulsion is increasing every day. What the result may be, no one can tell.

THE RAILWAY MANIA.

This Mania, after a most extraordinary course, has come to a most dreadfully check, and the day is soon by which all classes have been deceived, fade and away, the forms of cent, utter beggary, and want, rise up before the deluded victims of the paper issues of hundreds of monstrous companies. A general revulsion has taken place in the commercial mind on this subject, and in three-fourths of the cases in which new shafts have been contemplated the money already expended, and the works in progress of completion have been stopped. Now that people are beginning to look at it with unjaundiced

Original Song.

I HATE YOU IN MY DREAMS!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HERBERT MORFORD.

Come not my path, stand off from me!
Offer me faith nor love!
There are some things that destiny
Shields over from above.
And years may be a smiling bow,
Yet pleasure is a lie,
Than you are false to me, I know—
I hate you in my dreams.

We played together in old time
When you and I were boys,
The same old tears we used to climb,
And shared each other's toys,
Your face was ruddy pleasure then,
The same to-day it seems:
But I can never trust again—
I hate you in my dreams.

To hard to cast old loves away,
Paste tongue and heart and brain:
To hard to feel that youth's best day
Has held its trust in vain,
And yet remembering as I do,
My pleasure by life's streams,
I know you never can be true—
I hate you in my dreams.

Come not my path—stand off from me!
I swear no double dealer!
Whate'er to me you used to be,
You can be nothing now;
For even where look down after
On me with starry dreams,
And they have to'd how false you are—
I hate you in my dreams.

A Thrilling Sketch.

MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT.

I need you a description of a Mexican bull-fight, of which I was a spectator, in the city of Mexico. It was gotten up on a scale of extraordinary attraction, in especial honor of Santa Ana, and but a few months previous to his downfall. An immense placard, emblazoned with innumerable pictorial illustrations of the sanguinary spectacle announced the particulars, among which was the extended curse, that a woman would, in the course of the exhibition, seize the arena and combat with a bull. Eight fierce and carefully selected bulls were to be let loose in succession on this occasion. The unusual attractions caused, made every one eager to secure a seat.

The immense amphitheatre in which this species of amusement exhibited, presented a novel scene in the light an animated and beautiful scene. It contains the usual gradations of cushioned galleries and uncovered ranges of seats to afford room for accommodating both rich and poor. There are four great tiers of lodges, with exhibitions capable of containing 30, 000 people. I am persuaded could not have been much fewer than that number on this occasion. But the spectators how shall I describe them! —There were in one, confined in one dense mass, the high bred senora, and the pale, delicate and fashionably attired senorita—officers of every grade, resplendent with feathers and gold lace, padres unabashed concubine peasants, foreigners of every nation under heaven, groups of negro slaves, of little children, an shirt, a vast collection of all degrees, from the powerful alcalde and his attendant constables to the half starved, half naked ragamuffin.

The brilliancy of coloring, and the endless variety of costumes visible throughout the assemblage —the colossal line of the circulars sky above—the massive of light and shadow resting upon the domes and lofty walls of a spacious church, which as the only object visible from the interior of the amphitheatre, presents a picture of great beauty, without ever taking into account the scenes enacted upon the spacious arena at your feet.

Santa Ana, the spoiled the people, but Catalani, the acting President, occupied the absence of the state's highest functionary.

The arena is now cleared—the band of music strikes up—the trumpet is sounded and the whole corps of performers make their appearance. This is a spectacle of great pomp and circumstance. The gay and splendid costumes of the different actors of the scene—the picadores, whose office it is, while mounted, to attack the bull with a lance constructed for rather to irritate than to destroy—the banderilleros who wave before the eyes of the animal the scarlet and blue cloths, which serve the purposes of irritation and of escape when the pursuit is too hot—the matadores, or killers, are personify the same as in Spain.

The alcalde issues a signal—the gates are thrown open, and out rushes the bull, bewildered by the sudden glare of light, the shouting of the populace and the exploding fireworks attached to his body. The mounted lancemen first attack him. Replying his goads address strength and skill. The bull is now that and third bull were despatched in succession, and little or no injury was sustained by either man or horse, but the fourth was an animal of great size, and of a ferocious seldom known in Mexico. Nothing appeared to daunt him or check his impetuosity. He quickly tore the horns of the side of one horse and overthrown sprawling in the dust another, together with his rider. Two horses were now —here in center! At a given signal, six piebald mules, three abreast and gaily caparisoned, galloped into the arena at full speed, and the carcasses of the animals were attached to their harness and they vanished in a twinkling.

A second fight now ensued between the infuriated bull and a picador, the excitement at the spectators was intense. The vast amphitheatre rang with the Mexican shout of encouragement, the bull's fierce was a sad tragedy. The bull had prostrate man and horse, the animal had fallen on the both of the steed, and before he could divest himself from his perilous situation, the maddened beast had rushed headlong upon him. Both fell together, then they were fixed with blood to the very horns. The poor fellow died instantaneously. A dead silence prevailed, and it seemed as if the very breath by the spectators, who, among the mass motionless, shouted out *Muerte (dead) Muerte muerte* [rooted from the] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ed the women in the boxes looking at each other under the impulse of a momentary terror. Politeness was interrupted for some minutes. *Es muy sin*, it is very sigh; and many females left the house. Foot men then bore the corpse from the arena. The mules again appeared to drag off the body of the horse, and a man with a wheel-barrow filled with sand soon obliterated all traces of the tragedy. The sport, however, was not suspended, although such a catastrophe as the death of a man of very rare occurrence in the bull-ring, and the usual sentence of more than ordinary courage and keenness, especially exercised in honor of the President's safe capital visit.

It was not until five hours had been since by the redoubtable animal, that he himself was finally despatched. After this glorious victory he was feted, and the woman, the heroine of the festival, made her appearance. She was greeted with a rapture of applause by all quarters. Her costume above the ordinary range of not indifferent features, with long curls, in abundance, adornments, and apparently between two and thirty. Her dress was gay and picturesque. Taking with ease and grace the proffered wreath of flowers which were tossed to her she approached in front of Catalani's box, made a reverence, smiled and addressed herself to the vanquished animal. The bull was let loose. It made directly to the spot where the flagmen were congregated, who immediately commenced the usual exasperation by waving the red and fire lages before its eyes. The woman then approached the flattered her scarlet cloak before the animal, and dipped her sword in the gushing blood that was wet. The bull beat his neck and made a furious rush. She darted quickly aside, but succeeded in inflicting a stab in the shoulder of the animal. She never betrayed fear. The bull turned again. Again she drew her fan or flag to attract. But the sad weakness of the animal's attack threw her down, and quiet as lightning if a hundredth had not by flinging his head between the animal, instantly diverted his attention to a new object her delicate instantly would have inevitably shared the same fate as the unfortunate steed of her lover.

The daring act, which was followed by thunders of applause, drew the animal now roused furious. In full pursuit of her, which she dexterously and with an agility truly astonishing evaded, by leaping the broadcloth, which separated the arena from the lower seats. The applause which was showered on her appeared to infuse new vigor and courage. She again took the sword and the flag and stole up to the now maddened animal, which seemed to be collecting all his might, with one furious rush to crush his adversary. He gazed intently at her, as if considering how best he might annihilate her, foaming at the mouth, and pawing the ground with rage. Our heroine was measuring him, calmly intent upon the vital spot. The rush began—the crash descended—there,

"Where the vast rock just mingles with the spires"
and the huge beast fell instantaneously dead. Never shall I forget the shout of triumph which the people sent forth. It seemed to bear from the amphitheatre. Our heroine, now flushed with triumph and the exercise of her powers, surpassed all that Byron calls the bell-light, tripped gaily up in front of Catalini's box, made her obeisance, and disappeared amid another tremendous demonstration of applause.—*N. Y. Tropic*

Brief Biographies.

REMARKABLE EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, justly termed the "Father of his country," was born at Bridges Creek, in the county of Westmoreland, Va., on the 22d of February, 1732. On the breaking out of the American Revolution, he was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, which post he held until peace was declared. He was elected first President of the United States in February, 1789, and held that office for eight years. After a most glorious career, he departed this life on the 14th of December, after an illness of only twenty-four hours, in the forty-first year of his age, and a the fullest assurance of a glorious immortality. He was most dearly beloved by the whole American people, and his death occasioned the nation to mourning for the name of Washington will live while there shall entire.

ISRAEL PUTNAM was born at Salem, Mass., on the 7th of January, 1718. After a life of peril and usefulness, he died on the 19th of May, 1790, aged seventy-two years. At the time of his decease, he was the Senior Major General in the American army—next to Gen. Washington. During his life he was noted for his great daring and courage, and for his strong attachment to Liberty.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer, Philosopher and Statesman, was a native of Boston, Mass., and was born on the 17th of January, 1706. Through his exertions, the Philadelphia Library was established in 1730. The first Fire Company was formed by him in 1738. It was in the summer of 1752, that he made his celebrated experiment with the kite flying. He was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also filled some of the most responsible and honorable offices under the U. S. Government—all of which truths he faithfully discharged. After a long and useful life, he departed this life in Philadelphia, on the 17th of April, 1790 —aged eighty-four years. Such was the esteem in which he was held, that Congress ordered a general mourning for him throughout America, of one month. He was indeed a glorious example for the rising generation to pattern after, for industry, integrity, perseverance, and good conduct, raised himself to the most exalted stations in his country.

A Choice Story.

FROM THE JOURNALS FOR DECEMBER.

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY LILLA HERBERT

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the dark earth upon it fall, with clod and stone and sod;
And set the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung—
An anthem for the lowest dead that ever died a mortal!
A dage for lost the deathly dead in that she died so young."

—Come Lilla, now for the story," said my cousin Ellen, waving herself upon a stool at my feet and looking up with that irresistible look of entreaty that she raised her dark bewitching eyes with a most imploring expression to my own.

"Yes, Lilla, now for a story," added sentimentalist, sweet cog. But turn away those bright starlike orbs from mine dear Nell; for thou should'st be so well acquainted with my power to influence the mind that while they are thus gazing upon me I cannot decide upon the theme of another, which, unlike thy beauty, is not perfect, and therefore, my Nell" said Ellen down her eyes very modestly upon the carpet while a gentle smile lingered about her mouth, and a glance of affection.

"Ah you better, Alice!" asked Ida as she tenderly pressed that sad sweet face against her own.

"Much better, dearest," she replied, in a feeble tone, "but I have felt very strangely to-day—so strangely that I as yet apprehend that I will retain heavily upon my spirit, and it seems as though something terrible was before me. Where is Henry? Why does he stay away so long?" At that moment he stood before her, and gazing sadly into the face of young girl, he said, in a low tone, shaken with emotion, "I am here, dearest Alice.

"You are very kind to me, dear Henry" and her sweet voice trembled slightly, "you have ever been so. May you one day be rewarded for your goodness to me, but never been aught but a burden to all around her.

"Say not so, Alice, you are not a burden, for who could help loving one so gentle as you? Your very presence, you know how well we all love you.

A smile of pity crossed the young girl's countenance, and she clasped her hands over them in her characteristic mode, then the long silken lashes slowly drooped over the dark eyes, and the pale lips parted, and she fell into a light slumber.

Henry Cleaveland and Ida watched anxiously beside her, but dared not speak lest they should disturb her rest. An hour passed, and yet there was silence within that little chamber for still she did not sleep. At length the physician who had started the sleeper and Mrs. Cleaveland who had been from home the whole morning and was therefore ignorant of Alice's illness, entered. Her first enquiry was for Alice and on learning that she had been taken ill, her self-possession deserted her, and she was on the point of rushing to her daughter's chamber—Alice, who had awakened on hearing the voice of her mother, sat reclining in an easy chair, with a look of sick girl's altered appearance.—what ails you, my child?

"Be calm, dear mother. I have been ill again, but I shall soon get better." But the mother knew well that the physician's opinion, and in an agony of grief she threw herself upon the floor and wept in wild tears. Alice appeared to be much distressed though she spoke not, while Henry reminded Mrs. Cleaveland how much importance it was for her child to be excited.

The physician now came in, and when he beheld his young patient he shook his head sadly as if he feared all would not be right.

Four days after that he lingered on the verge of the grave, and her friends watched sorrowfully beside her, fearing lest every moment might be her last struggle. But in spite of every appearance to the contrary, a fortnight had elapsed she had nearly recovered her usual health. It seemed as though fate had allowed her to remain on earth for a little while, and loving heart, and she was preserved for a few short hours but to have her spirit deadened by the keen arrow of disappointed affection. Proud Alice's sweet flower! Better far had she sooner rested in the cold dark grave, than to have been stricken to the earth by the unfeeling hand of happiness lost.

One pleasant summer morn when the sun gleamed brightly into her chamber and awakened her, Alice had resolved for the first time since her illness to leave her room. Ida had been absent for a long time from her side, and she felt herself lonely, lonely, and longing once more to join the family circle, left her apartment

The drawing room door was partly open, and Alice stole softly down the stairs thinking how glad those within it would be to behold her again among them. But she paused upon the last step in astonishment and listened.

Well, sir! well, did she recognize the voice of one who was dear to her as any object this earth can boast. But as she beat her head to catch the beloved tones, the sweet accents were changed to those of cold reserve from all dislike, and all bondsmen were set free. From the low may have sprung the cottons of kindling young men to 7 years apprentice ship, and of punishing offenders with 7 years, twice 7 or three time 7 years imprisonment. Every 7th year the law was directed to be read to the people, if they were obedient their enemies should flee before them 7 ways; if disobedient, their enemies should chase them 7 ways. In the destruction of Jericho, 7 priests bore 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th day they surrounded the wall 7 times, and after the 7th time the wall fell. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, in her thanks says, that the barren hath brought forth 7 as some Jewish writers say that this same assurance the value of the silent to make themselves notorious. At the consort (taking their privileges from some pronounced answer present) they are the foremost to show their satisfaction with the performances, or loudest in condemn, show the audience shares again of dissatisfaction; at the hall, they make themselves prominent by dictating as to the figure of the dance, or favoring their partners with the nearness of intimacy; at the arrangements—at the singing party, they discover their superior abilities by dictating as to the quantity to be sung, deciding on all points where there is question as to *time* and *tune*. Their perceptive faculties, they would have you suppose, are quick as lightning, and wherever there is occasion for speaking or action, they are sure to put themselves forward as the master-workmen a question or argument arises, they are resolved with a solution. Sir Oracles are they, who give their opinions with authority, from which none is say I have said it, and from me there is no appeal.

These people are mighty characters in their own estimation, they think they are known, they are not generally esteemed at all.

Your man of sound sense, clear perceptions, and good taste, is seldom seen prominent and himself forward, unless invited so to do, he is modest in the expression of his opinions, and gives argument instead of assertion, recommendation of whatever he is upon

☞ The following embodied, crooked, shameful story, is by the poet Crabbe. He ought to be ashamed of it.

Seven rich girls, like loaded grass with hops,
Are never valued until they make a noise:
Seven fine children are the parent's envy;
To allow how worthy, they their trust betray!
Like pence in children pockets, serves to
In Israel's Senate; there all virtues meet.

☞ A good story is told of Professor Humphrey, of Amherst College. One morning, before recitation hour, he met a bold of northern corn on the President's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he quietly said, "I wish some to say I have said it, and from me there is no appeal.

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Ladies' Boudoir.

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Go to your peaceful tree,
Friends of a brighter hour,
Jewels no youthful beauty's horse,
Lights of the hall and bower!
Well have ye done your part
For fairer things than ye!
We'll keep your memory in our heart
When low the sleep of be.

Your gladness is our joy,
Your sweetness our delight,
Your gentle power to cheer the sad,
Of sickness and decay;
Your radiant smile,
Your sympathy in pain.
We'll keep the memory of your deeds
Until we meet again.

Rose—from the blush of love,—
Rose—from the bridal wreath,
For the sweet morning of your birth,
Your parent's fondest breath,
Of summer's noonday heat,
From ceiling wane, and rolling hand,
That waved your lone retreat.

If ate ye thrill'd with pride,
When the admiring throng
Or on the lovely look'd with awes,
Or knelt for mute look felt,
If through your bosom pure,
Hath ought like evil flow'd,
Share fully may ye be,
For now a whelming leaf and bell!
"Our lot has been to bless
In garden or in dell!
Yet worthy since it be,
And till the trump shall swell,
That wakes us on the vernal morn,
Sacred Ocean, a sweet farewell.

Columbian.

GOOD HUMOR A BEAUTIFIER.

In our columns may be found advertisements of soaps, and wash balls, and cosmetics, all good in preserving the complexion, and increasing the personal charms of our fair readers, but we do not remember to have seen the following, which is the most important beauty, which we copy for their special benefit:—Take of early rising, six grains—of active exercise, six drops—of temperance, six drachms—of labor, six scruples—of cheerfulness, six grains—of the whole thoroughly with the oil of perseverance, and apply the ointment regularly every day to the whole face. This prescription will infallibly remove freckles, sallowness of the skin and distinction of features, and restore a fresh complexion, bright eyes, unaffected cheerfulness and the admiration of all beholders." Gentle ladies, what say you to this?

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress for society. We say habitual, for there are few so wayward as not to be occasionally pleasant. Home should be the place where it is most cultivated, for there it is most valuable, and the obligation to exercise it most powerful. Let no husband or wife, parent or child, imagine that they can dispense with the duty of contributing to the happiness of home by the cheerfulness of their deportment. Let them remember that the kindly affections require to be cherished by kindly offices, and that the exercise of the former will be sure to produce the latter. Let them remember that the cultivation of a good temper is one of the surest means of promoting their own happiness. Let them remember that a kind word and a pleasant look will often chase away the gloom from a brow overcast with the cares of the world, and that a few words of affection will often soothe the bosom heaving with the sighs of disappointment and sorrow. Let them remember that a few words of affection will often soothe the bosom heaving with the sighs of disappointment and sorrow. Let them remember that a few words of affection will often soothe the bosom heaving with the sighs of disappointment and sorrow.

Curious Scraps.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

This number, so often mentioned in the sacred writings, has always had a kind of superstitious awe attached to it. Thus we have a number of petitions, being composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four—for the number four is composed of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect.

In six days Earth's Creation was perfected—the 7th day God rested from all his work. The avenged 7 fold, truly Lamech 70 and 7 fold. Noah had 7 days warning of the flood, and commanded to take the fowls of the air six the ark by 7's, and the clean beasts by 7's, the ark touched the ground on the 7th month, and 7 days after was sent, and again on 7 days after. Abraham pleaded 7 times for Sodom; he gave 7 ewe lambs to Abimelech for a well, and 7 days after he received Isaac for Rachel, and also another 7 years. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. Laban pursued after Jacob 7 days journey. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and 7 years more before he could marry her. Pharaoh's dream was for 7 fat and 7 lean beasts, and the 7 ears of full and the 7 ears of blasted corn. Jacob's days of mourning were 7 times seven. Joseph's days of mourning were 7 times seven. Joseph's days of mourning were 7 times seven. Joseph's days of mourning were 7 times seven.

Varieties.

FROM THE BOOK OF BEAUTY FOR 1846

AN APOLOGY IN VERSE.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

Bright lady do you bid me write?
Enough! to hear is to obey!
Tell me a theme, and at your sight—
In sober song! In metal gay!
Is dark translation of the night?
In sunny sympathy, drawn from day?
You bid me sing of—love? Ah, no.
I do not read the theme so low.
For age is grave, and tinged with woe:
Not cast in fetters, but with bands
Love's wingèd days find long ago:
And now I feel my fetters fall.

Of rules rich with golden store,
Of epithets wheeling through the field;
Of hitherto hidden rhymes
Of stanzy session when they would
Of the sweet sounds of love and gore:
Before the dawn of lands are ended
By battle or by bard.
And Death, and Pain, oppress my song,
I would I could unwind to tones
When Love with soul and rose
And yeares dawn in tranquil rhymes—
But Love is dumb.

And therefore, though my spirit weeps
And trembles as I gaze around,
To see the scissors and the creeps
Beside me whilst the solid ground
Is shaken downward, deep,
I echo back the dreadful sound.

Then Spirit of the Host! whose wings
Hang darkening o'er us as we sing,
What tidings is our ark? the springs
Are losing—the abysses
Show us what Time or Tempest brings—
And another near the ark.
Hark! hark! he's dumb who should be loud!
He doth but snatch where he should gird!
Whom were ye, sirs, to me?
"Peace! peace! 'twere Watt, and Wesley, and
Pride!
I hear—and do proclaim the word!
Unto the nations far and wide
Ye are—
Vain effort! I recap the pen
The inspiration of the time
Inverts me into her shadow—
Bright Lady, spare my poor sublime.
Ah, dogs! to me ye are
And I may yield a happier theme.

HOME.

There is something in the word home that wakes the kindliest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear, but there is a charm around it, a sacredness, a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the hottest hearts have been found to cling to their native soil. The first love that blossomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years; a thoughtless child, careless in manner, and free in spirit, and yet there is a fond recollection of that spot, which is ever present to the mind, and which is ever present to the heart. No matter how many years have passed over him, and strides and toil may have rendered his manner rough, he bounded many fond graces upon the cords of the sonar, yet were there still more sacred associations connected with the name of his boyhood dreams! The New England mariner—the indigence of the northern seas, or the wealthy merchant—the enterprising trader, coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the land of time may have blanched his raven locks with age, and the wrinkles of care may have furrowed his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountain of his love had almost ceased to flow, yet there is a fond recollection, a charm upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears will flow like the gushing waters of a fountain. Let the wanderer after long years of absence, heat, and his eyes fall, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity, and his heart will bound as he sees a mother or a sister, here soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted, but that will not occupy the place of Home.

There is not apart where home will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wend along those verdant vales will never cease to send up their heavenly incense—the clusters hanging from trees overshadowing its banks will be immortal clusters, and the friends that meet will meet forever.—*Parisian.*

Bene Bester.—There is a class of individuals in every community—generally made up of people of weal- brains—who are ever on the alert to make themselves notorious. At the concert (taking their privileges from some pronounced amateur present) they are the foremost to show their satisfaction with the performances, or loudest in condemn, show the audience shares again of dissatisfaction; at the hall, they make themselves prominent by dictating as to the figure of the dance, or favoring their partners with the nearness of intimacy; at the arrangements—at the singing party, they discover their superior abilities by dictating as to the quantity to be sung, deciding on all points where there is question as to *time* and *tune*. Their perceptive faculties, they would have you suppose, are quick as lightning, and wherever there is occasion for speaking or action, they are sure to put themselves forward as the master-workmen a question or argument arises, they are resolved with a solution. Sir Oracles are they, who give their opinions with authority, from which none is say I have said it, and from me there is no appeal.

Agricultural.

CORN AND CORN MEAL COUGH.—There can be no safer position assumed, in agricultural matters, than that there is a most important saving effected by cooking food. Science has long since demonstrated the fact, that yearning as well as quality is highly essential to the preservation of health; hence the corollary is irresistible, we think, that both corn and meal, of whatever description, as well as grain, barley and every other species of grain, is greatly increased in value by cooking when used as a food for stock. This will be more apparent by putting the first position to be correct, when we say that about one fifth of the known fact, that corn, by boiling, is increased two hundred per cent. in bulk—corn meal, three hundred per cent.—that is, in the same space of land, a bushel of northern corn will produce as much as five bushels raised in the ordinary manner. Now, we think, should go further than this, and claim that the nutritive value of the product, nearly five hundred per cent. This assertion is the case of the disease, has been made astonishingly apparent in the case of the potato, which, by boiling, is rendered more than twice as valuable as when eaten raw. Now, we think, should go further than this, and claim that the nutritive value of the product, nearly five hundred per cent. This assertion is the case of the disease, has been made astonishingly apparent in the case of the potato, which, by boiling, is rendered more than twice as valuable as when eaten raw.

PILE MEDICINE.

In addition to the above, we would say that Dr. Jackson's Pile Ointment is the only remedy ever discovered that will never fail to cure that INTOLERABLE ITCHING PILE, or Pruritus Ani. Be sure to call for Dr. Jackson's Pile Ointment, and take no other. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1845.

DR. JACKSON—Sir—I think there are few diseases more painful than the Piles, having been afflicted with them and during the last fifteen years I have suffered from their effects. I have tried almost all the remedies that have been recommended, but found no relief, until I used your Pile Ointment, which I am happy to say has effected a perfect cure. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and they have also found relief in using it. I am willing that you may use my name in any way you think proper.

Dr. JAMES, No. 9 South Third Street, which compounds your Pile Ointment.

SEED FOR POTATOES.—Too much dependence is placed on obtaining new varieties of potatoes from the seed, with a view to prevent the rot. If the potatoes are taken from hardy soil, there is no reason to resist the disease better than other kinds, some advantage may be gained. But the idea that we can obtain from hardy soil produce that are more free from a very tender variety will produce a hardy kind, is as absurd as it is to suppose that the seed of a tender plant will produce a hardy one.—*Farmer's Fish Journal.*

Remarks.—We have raised a number of varieties from the seed, and have found that the seed of the potato is not the only source of vitality. The tuber will produce potatoes from the eyes or buds, and we